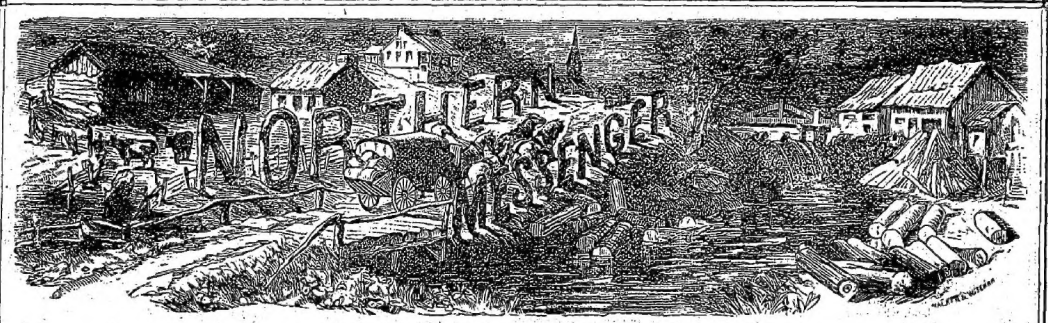

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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CORNELIA'S JEWELS.

A Roman lady was one day showing her jewels to the noble Cornelia, and displaying strings of pearls and rubies, which she may have thought the greatest treasures a woman could possess, and asked her friend to show her jewels also. At this moment Cornelia's two sons, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, came in from school, and their mother, pointing to them fondly, said: "These are my jewels!"

Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the noted Roman General who conquered the Carthagenian General Hannibal and broke the power of that great and magnificent city in the North of Africa, at one time a centre from which spread the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ. Her husband, Tiberius Sempronius, was also greatly distinguished, gaining for himself an important place in the history of his country as warrior and ruler. It was natural, therefore, that she should look with confidence into the future of her sons as jewels well worthy of her pride, and it is pleasing to know that she was not mistaken. Although belonging to one of the noblest Roman families they both became successful champions of the poor and oppressed against the tyrannical nobles of Rome. But while each of them was at one time the idol of the people, both experienced that the favor of the multitude is fickle, and the elder was slain while seeking re-election for the tribuneship, while the younger, in a similar struggle, was compelled to flee from Rome, and, escaping to the grove of the Furies, demanded of his slave to slay him. This the unhappy slave did, and, with the same sword, immediately took his own life. Thus died this friend of the people, a sacrifice to the intrigues of the nobles.

The people saw, when too late, the folly of which they had been guilty in abandoning their best friend in the hour of need, and endeavored to atone for their crime by erecting statues to the brothers, declaring sacred the spots where their blood had been shed and by offering sacrifices to them as deities. They also erected a statue to Cornelia, whose sons did her so much honor, and on it carved, "Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi."

CORNELIA'S JEWELS.

The Romans at that time, as some heathen nations now do, worshiped their dead whose lives were spent in the public good, thus showing the demand within them to worship something higher and better than themselves. In this country, where the full light of the Gospel is shed, we can go straight to God as the only one whom we can worship without sin; but we cannot but admire the noble spirit of those benefactors who sacrificed their lives for the benefit of their countrymen.

HE WHO TALKS but little may be suspected of knowing more than he says.

THAT NEGLECTED NEIGHBOR.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

And you did not know he was so seriously sick, though you had seen the dispensary physician going in there? And you did not know he and his family were so very destitute, though the children were so shabbily dressed, and one, you think, came to the door with a mean, hungry-looking basket and asked for cold victuals once? And you did not know they were so very friendless, though you were aware they were newcomers and hardly any one called there?

Sick—with that cough, that racking pain, that night-sweat, that emaciated frame, that increasing, distressing weakness!

Poor—with a hard bed, with scanty food, with little fuel, with children meanly clothed, the winter so long and cold and dreary?

Dead—with a handful at the funeral, a pauper's hearse to take him away, a pauper's lot to hold his body after burial!

Sick, poor, dead, and you—one of his nearest neighbors—never visited him, never relieved a single necessity, never enquired even for him at the door! You did not suppose the case was so pressing? But for what are Christian eyes given us, unless they are to look through the neighborhood and discover the needy? For what are Christian hands, unless they are to carry food and raiment to the destitute? What is the significance of a Christian purse, unless it is consecrated?

Say, friend, one who once was a poor man will judge us all one day. *May* his words to us *not include this charge of* neglect, "Naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not."—*Church and Home.*

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RARE BUT HONORABLE PRIDE.

A carter in Scotland had the misfortune to back his horse and cart into the river. The horse was drowned and the cart broken. When the merchants of the town heard of the accident, they kindly resolved to assist the poor man to obtain another horse and cart, because he had always been steady and industrious. But, lo! when they told him they were about to raise a subscription for him, the honest man scratched his head, and said: "Na, gentlemen, I'm muckle obleeged to ye for your gude will; but I canna consent to be beggit for yet. Ye see, the wheels o' the cairt are no broken, nor a bit the waur, and the sheen (shoes) of the horse are a' four as good as new; and I have just ta'en aff his skin and selled it in a gude market; and with the siller for it, and a little that I laid by for a rainy day, I'd just try to do for myself since mair. But I'm as muckle obleeged to ye as if I could tak' your siller. It's no pride, ye see, but just that I dinna like anything in the shape of alms."—*N. Y. Observer.*

AUBURN GALLION QUE

Temperance Department.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"I hear you children talk a great deal about temperance," said our grandma. "Would you like to hear the first temperance story that I ever heard?"

"Oh yes!" we all exclaimed.

"When I was a little girl we lived among the hills of Scotland, where my father had a large sheep-farm. Temperance was never heard of then, and every day for dinner we had home-made beer, and all drank as much as they wanted; and no friend ever came in without being asked to have some old whiskey. On market and fair days I have seen the men come home sick, as the little folks were told; and all the remark that would be made about it was, "Folks must have a little fun sometimes." I used to think that getting sick was queer fun; but as I grew to understand that it was the whiskey that made them sick, I would wonder how people would take so much trouble to brew anything that made them sick and cross for a long time after they drank it.

"One day I shall never forget; we were in the kitchen with our mother, who was speaking very kindly to a poor crazy woman who had stopped to rest and beg a cup of milk. Mother felt so sorry for the old woman that she brought a glass of hot whiskey and offered it to her. In an instant glass and whiskey were hurled to the back of the fire. How her eyes sparkled! She screamed out, 'How dare you give me a drink of fire—fire, I say!'

"We did not know what to think, but clung to mother, who tried to quiet the old woman; but it was of no use. With excited voice she continued—

"'I want to warn you and your dear little ones never to taste the stuff that has burned up my husband and child, and left me to wander without a home.

"'I was married to Joe, who was then as fine a young man as ever walked, and we had a sweet little babe and cosy home. My husband and I always kept the jug in the corner of the cupboard. After awhile I thought it had to be filled a great deal oftener than when we were first married, and not only that, but Joe would stay too long when out with a friend; and I would mix some hot drink to put me to sleep, and sometimes would drink so much I could scarcely remember even going to bed afterward. So you see I was getting fond of it too.

"'One night I left the baby in Joe's care, and set the jug and a glass on the table for company, while I went to sit up for part of the night with a sick neighbor. Before morning we heard a fearful noise, and going out, I found, to my horror, that it was my house in flames. By the time we got there the roof had fallen in on poor Joe and the dear little baby. They never would have been burned up if he had not had the jug with the drink for company. He must have drunk himself stupid, and let the candle or his pipe fall into the cradle. I learned to hate it too late; but I want you to hate it as much as I do.'"

"My dear children," said our grandmother, when she had finished her story, "that was our first lesson in temperance, and it was an effective one. Not one of us who heard the old beggar-woman would after that day ever touch the drink which caused such sin and sadness. We did not have Bands of Hope in those days; but I am thankful we have now, and I bless God that all my dear little grandchildren belong to one."—*Band of Hope Review.*

STIMULANTS.

The fear of contracting disease induces many travellers to add alcoholic liquors to, or substitute them for, the water of the place in which they may be staying. Only very lately the *London Lancet* has published a number of scared letters in regard to the dangerous nature of the water furnished in the hotels in France and elsewhere on the Continent. But it is probable that most diseases contracted by travellers are due to indiscretions which no amount of alcohol would render innocuous, and unwarrantably laid to the charge of water as good as they have ever been used to. Philadelphians will recall the timid inhabitants of a neighboring city visiting the Centennial Exhibition who laboriously transported and scrupulously drank bottles of Croton water to escape imaginary dangers supposed to lie hid in that which is probably the most wholesome of any city in the world.

Tea and coffee are used as luxuries or stimulants. If the latter, they hardly come within the scope of our present study; and if the former, like any other luxuries, they must be regulated by a sound discretion. Drunk in moderation, they are innocent enough—drunk to excess, they are decidedly injurious. Tea is believed by physicians to be an occasion of many nervous troubles to women; coffee is undoubtedly the cause of many indigestions. More than one cup of either it is not advisable for any one to take as a regular thing. And this for two reasons; first, because, if of ordinary strength, one cup contains as much of the active principle as is good for most systems; and, second, because a larger quantity will fill up the stomach to the exclusion of better things. Very recently a gentleman narrated to me the following history illustrating this latter point: A lady in constantly feeble health complained to her physician that she never had any appetite for her breakfast. On enquiry, he found that at this meal she was in the habit of only drinking a cup of coffee and munching a little bread. At once the coffee was interdicted, and the lady found that its place was much better filled with nutritious food, which soon restored her to strength and a healthy appetite.—*Dr. Dulles, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE BOY AND HIS DINNER.

When he first went into a store he took a few sandwiches from home for a lunch. They were nicely done up by his sister, rolled into a clean white napkin, and packed in a neat tin lunch box. For a time this did very well. But after a while the boy thought it was hardly manly enough, for all the other clerks in the store went to eating-houses for their lunch. He made one excuse after another for not liking his lunch, and gradually left off taking it entirely.

Then he went to eating-houses sometimes by himself, sometimes with one or more other boys. At first he took a plain and economical meal, for, indeed, he had not enough money to do otherwise. Gradually he increased his bill of fare, and with it his bill of expense. What had been luxuries at first seemed to be necessities. He found expenses increasing on him with very little to show for what he spent.

The chief trouble was not in the matter of eating, though that was expensive enough. It is an unfortunate fact that nearly all the eating-houses are also drinking-houses. The temptation thus set before every lad who goes to one of them for his dinner is a fearful one. The boy was not in the habit of drinking at home anything stronger than coffee. But here he found all sorts of drinks, from cider and ale up to gin, and what is worse, he saw respectable people drinking them. "They drink," said he, "and I don't see the harm of it. Why shouldn't I?" A mug of ale costs only a little. But a great many mugs of ale cost a great deal, and the habit of drinking the filthy mixture is a bad one. The other boys take ale at their dinner, and our boy is tempted; it sounds so manly to call for it, and it looks so manly to drink it. It is not nice to take, but that is no matter; people can learn to like anything.

It is astonishing how soon a boy who tries can learn to like these useless and evil drinks. Indeed, he can soon get into the habit of using them without trying very hard to learn.

A good boy at an eating-house where strong drink is sold is like Lot in Sodom. Probably Lot at first made up his mind that he would have very little to do with the Sodom people. He felt that he had to live among them to take care of his business interests, but he would not do as they did. But by living among them he found that their evil communications corrupted his good manners. His godliness was not entirely wrecked, but he became so badly demoralized that he doubtless wished many a time that he had never seen Sodom, nor heard of it.

Boys, there is danger with the dinner! Keep out of the whiskey shops. There are places where you can get a lunch free from the corrupting influences of strong drink. Try them, and be safe.—*S. S. Advocate.*

"NOT MY BUSINESS."

An American paper publishes the following statement, which is a fair answer to those who often object that it is none of our business if others drink:—

A wealthy man in St. Louis not long ago was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but scornfully refused. After being further pressed he said, "Gentlemen, 'tis not my business!" A few days after his wife and two daughters were coming home on the lightning express train. In a grand carriage, with liveried attendants, he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business, and planning for the morrow. Hark, did not some one say, "a terrible accident." That troubles him; it is his business now. He finds the accident occurred to the very train in which his family were expected. He telegraphs to the superintendent, "I will give you five hundred dollars for an extra engine." The answer flashed back, "a train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward: we have no other." With white face and anxious brow the man paced the station to and fro. 'Tis his business now. In half an hour, perhaps, which seemed to him an age, the train arrived. He hurried toward it, and in the tender found the mangled and lifeless forms of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following lay the other daughter, with her dainty ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away. A quart of whiskey, drank by one of the railway employees, who was incapable in consequence, was the cause of the catastrophe.

Who dares say of this tremendous question, "'Tis not my business."—*Casket.*

THE COST OF TOBACCO.

How small items count, five cents each morning—a mere trifle. Thirty-five cents a week—not much; yet it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family, $18.25 a year—this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of a year, and the interest thereon at 6 per cent. computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than $689—enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper; you'd hardly miss it—only 15 cents a day—$1.05 a week—enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have over $5,000. Enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning—hardly worth a second thought: yet with it you can buy a paper of pins and a spool of thread; seventy cents a week, it would buy several yards of muslin; $36.50 in a year. Deposit this money as before, and you have $2,340 in twenty years—quite a little fortune.

Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children, $2.10 a week—more than enough than to pay a year's subscription to a good newspaper; $105.50 a year—with this you could buy a good melodeon, from which you could produce good music to pleasantly while away the evening hours. And this amount invested as before would in forty years produce the desirable amount of $15,000.—*Selected.*

War and Whiskey.—"After the election of Lincoln, twelve of the leading men of the South, representing six States, assembled in the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, and spent a whole evening in discussing the question as to what the South ought to do under the circumstances. For an hour and a half, eleven of these statesmen were averse to war; one only being in favor of it; then, however, whiskey was sent for, and all partook of it quite freely, becoming, before the expiration of the third hour, quite inebriated. While these distinguished Southerners remained sober, they were averse to war; but when they became intoxicated they were unanimously in favor of war; and it was the opinion of the admiral that if liquor had been left alone that night, the terrible war, which cost the North and the South so many thousands of millions of dollars, and so many precious lives, and evil influences which we have still with us, would never have occurred." Dram-shop demagogues and pot-house politicians North and South were ever ready for war; and drunken generals and tipsy surgeons took very poor care of precious lives confided to their charge. The whiskey bottle is responsible for an amount of mischief and misery which only the Omniscient One can estimate.—*The Christian.*

A Teetotal Mayor.—The people of Leeds, England, are to be congratulated upon having for their chief magistrate a total abstainer, Mayor Tatham, a member of the Society of Friends, who neither uses wine himself nor provides it for his own or for the city's guests. At a recent opening of a working-men's temperance hall at Shipley Mayor Tatham said: "Temperance was the root of all social advancement, while its opposite led to nothing but sickness, distress and ruin. If it was only possible to obtain a nation of total abstainers there would be no pauperism, no crime and no lunacy, but comfort and abundance." He had "invited the council to dine with him without the usual accompaniment of intoxicating liquors," and again he had repeated the experiment, and with very satisfactory results, when it fell to his duty to give an assize dinner, at which were judges, leading members of the bar, &c., and he added: "Even if Her Majesty visited Leeds she might be well entertained on the same principle; at least she would be if she visited the hall during the time that it was his official home. He had had no wine in his house for forty years, and he made no exception in the mayor's parlor at the town hall." Such a mayor is an honor to any city. We wish New York might have his counterpart. —*National Temperance Advocate.*

Does Wine Promote Sobriety.—An American writer remarks on the question:—Turn to wine countries. Look at Italy. Cardinal Acton, then Supreme Judge in Rome, declared that nearly all the crime "originated in the use of wine." Take France, the wine country of the world. The Paris *Constitutionnel* said in 1872: "The habit of drunkenness has increased in France year by year since the beginning of the century. The French race is deteriorating daily. In forty years the consumption of alcohol has tripled in France." A French magazine writes: "Drunkenness is the beginning and end of life in the great French industrial centres, among women as well as men. Twenty-five out of every one hundred men and twelve out of every one hundred women in Lisle are confirmed drunkards." France consumes more strong drink, in addition to wine, than America per capita.

Do not Drink it.—You remember how David, with one of those fits of homesickness which seemed to have come over him occasionally, thirsted for a draught from the well of Bethlehem, at which, as a shepherd boy, he used to drink. There were those around him of his chief captains to whom his every wish was law, and they, ere he could say them "Nay," dashed away from him through the opposing ranks of Philistines, and brought back a pitcher of the precious water. But he would not drink it; he poured it out before the Lord, for men had risked their lives to get it for him. So, when you lift the glass and think of the multitudes whose souls for eternity are being endangered by that deceitful beverage, I want you, David-like, to pour it out before the Lord; and, believe me, He who poured out His precious blood for you and me will count it no vain sacrifice.—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

Wesley and Wine Drinking.—Mrs. Fletcher, of Madely, having been hearing a sermon from one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, presented him with a glass of wine as soon as he entered the house, when Mr. Wesley interrupted, saying. "My dear madam, do you wish to kill my preachers? Are you not aware that that young man's lungs are, after preaching, in a state of inflammation? and would you give him wine to irritate and make them worse?" "What must I give them, then, sir?" enquired Mrs. Fletcher. In the true spirit of teetotalism, he said, "Why, madam, if they must have something, let it be a slice or two of lemon sugared!!"

Band of Hope Pledge.—When I started my temperance society, I was the first to take the pledge in public. My pledge includes abstinence from tobacco. Tobacco is a great evil amongst our young people.—*Canon Connor.* [Was not the Rev. Canon right? We wish that all ministers would follow his example.]—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE TEETH AS RELATED TO HEALTH.

Dentistry is one of the compensations of modern civilization or of modern artificialities. In a state of nature no one part of the organism is more reliable and enduring than the teeth. The savage is about as likely to grow old in full possession of the natural set as is a lion. The wonderful provision by which two and occasionally three series of sets have been provided looks very much as if the Maker intended that teeth should be co-existent with the being. Only three or four months later than the tooth-pulp of the first set can be found the germs of the secondary teeth, and the order of appearance is well adapted to the growth of the jaw. If we now look at the teeth of different races, or of those in different social positions, it is not difficult to recognize that the early loss of teeth has relation to habits of life and condition of constitution. The Negro brought up on plain food, can still show his ivory. The wage-classes, who live on natural foods and do not indulge in such as, if taken alone, are apt to stick and sour, do not, as a rule, suffer from early loss.

The first question that arises is: What care shall be taken of the temporary teeth? They have much more animal matter and are softer than the permanent teeth; but it is very desirable that they remain in good condition, as they are intended to do, until the second set is ready to appear. So important is their presence, even as preserving the shape and favoring the proper growth of the jaw, that dentists object to their removal, except for urgent cause. There is the odd fact with regard to the temporary molars that the bicuspids belonging to the second set are so located between the roots of the former as to be injured or changed in position sometimes by the extraction of the molars. The first set should be well cared for by washing or rinsing of the mouth after food, by the avoidance of sweets between meals, or by the use of a soft brush for cleaning. For all this period the food should be of that character which contributes bone and mineral, as well as fibrine or gelatinous substance. Oatmeal and hominy follow well after the dependence is not wholly upon milk. We like, too, to see the child with its crust of bread. The teeth were made to chew with. If a child is fed entirely on what is vulgarly known as spoon-victuals, there is not that action and self-cleansing of the teeth which is favorable to their health.

The incoming of the second teeth is not attended with the nervous irritation of the first teeth, the eruption of which seems to be regarded by some as serious, like that of Vesuvius. While much is attributed to teething which only has to do with early childhood or wrong feeding, yet we must recognize that the teeth have plentiful nervous supplies, and may by their unhealthfulness cause irritation of the whole nervous system. This is greatly increased if they are left to early decay, so that nerves are laid bare, or the sensitive nervous supply of the part beneath the enamel is exposed. Parents cannot be too careful of the teeth of the children up to ten years of age. If decay is started, if the gums and mouth become unhealthy, the whole chewing apparatus is put out of order, and the stomach as well as the mouth is injured. People do not enough realize what a very important part of the digestive organs is located in the mouth, and how important it is that all its machinery be kept in the very best order. Now-a-days food often passes through this portal so rapidly that the stomach, in a very disrespectful way, is asked to chew and water and mix—indeed, to do all the upper work, except the swallowing. It is an imposition, and dyspepsia is often the protest against the outrage. Whenever any tartar or roughness shows itself, either on the temporary or secondary teeth, it should be removed, and be accepted as the evidence of imperfect care or of imperfect health. The condition of the teeth and of the mouth is to a good physician so much of an index that he does not fail sometimes to examine them as carefully as do others the tongue.

The tooth-brush is a most valuable instrument, but often very injudiciously used. If too hard, it irritates the gums, and comes to be used as tooth-brushes are by very many—just merely as brushing the ends of the teeth. A brush not too stiff, used in every direction, so as to wash out all little particles and cleanse the interstices, is far better. The design is some rubbing, but mostly a thorough washing of points which would not be cleansed by a simple rinsing. Tooth-powders that are gritty should be avoided in general use. Charcoal, for instance, although cleansing, is very objectionable, on this account.—*N. Y. Independent.*

BORN TO LIVE.

If there is one thing more than another in these artificial times that is likely to be a martyr to artificiality, that thing is a baby. It can often scarcely finish its first battle cry of existence before it is assumed that it has wind on the stomach, and must get anise-seed, catnip-tea, and molasses. The sweet too often gives a colic, while the repeated spoon is merely a temptation in the direction of weaning. Nature, like a good nurse, has provided the food needed ready to hand so soon as it ought to be used. Yet it is the experience of most physicians that not one child in a hundred, in the first five days of its existence, escapes some provoking invention of the adversary. Although sprue is no more natural to a child than small-pox, it is assumed that the child must have the sprue; which merely means that food sours or changes in the mouth which ought either not to have been put there or not kept there. Artificial foods are at once proposed. Until we are able to manufacture the very best milk for calves without depending on cows, we despair of substituting a complete food for infants. We no not think any member of Adam's family died prematurely because Liebig or Mellon had not existed. While we fully recognize the value of certain artificial foods in conditions of sickness, yet the too prevalent idea that these are easy substitutes for Nature must be discarded. The child is an animal for which good provision has been made. We do well to watch with sedulous care any departure from Nature's method as to modes and materials for feeding. Not only food itself, but artificial methods of giving it, cause great disturbance.

The next sad experience of babyhood is in its locomotion. The child which is permitted its natural motions throws its arms about for exercise and kicks as naturally as any mule. How little of this natural work is permitted nowadays, especially in high circles. We have seen many a child being fatted for an early grave by improper foods, and so dressed and carried as entirely to suspend the possibilities of its own natural exercise. It has two great inflictions from nurses. The first is well described thus:

"Next comes a brawny nurse, but five feet high,
With leathern lungs and throat of brass supplied,
Striving with 'Chevy Chase' and 'Lullaby'
To drown the screeching infant at her side;
And ever and anon the babe she seized,
And squeezed and sung, and sung and squeezed
Although, sometimes, each dreary pause between
The strangled infant's piercing shrieks,
And writhing limbs and blackening cheeks,
Full well confessed the secret pin
That keenly goaded him within;
Yet closer squeezed the nurse and louder was her din."

The baby-carriage is now the great promoter of lazy exposure of babies, negatively bad and positively not very good. We knew a boy—who was a noble, hearty child—that was left thus to sleep in a hot sun, and fell into a convulsion that night, which turned the course of a life. Parents generally know little how apt babies are to be unduly exposed in their carriages, and how much more apt they are to take cold than if they could be allowed the active use of their limbs.

The next sad crisis in babyhood is the teething time. Here it seems that, by common consent, it is admitted that the Creator made a mistake; that teething is always a crisis in which many babies have a right to die. It is in vain that the anatomist and the physiologist unite in showing us the wonderful provision already in store for the second, as well as the first set; how nicely and gradually the dental sacs are formed; how the fully formed teeth press upon the upper walls of the sacs that inclose them, until there is a gradual absorption of the walls and the tooth is cut. In a healthy, rightly-fed, rightly-attended, rightly-exercised child this process is so perfectly natural, is so intermittent, and is attended with so little local irritation that it cannot at all rank as a crisis. That, by artificial methods, it does sometimes become a complication we must admit; but physiology points us to no such necessity. Doctors and parents need to disabuse themselves of the idea that this is a necessary crisis. The teeth of the first year show that it is not, and the second summer disasters, so often attributed to teething, are generally concomitants, and not results. When this process is in part casual, it is only so because of bad inheritance or as a result of bad management of the child. The comparisons of diseases of children, as they show themselves in towns, in the country, and in the most healthy districts, point plainly to the fact that the death of a child ought to be as rare as that of a little lion. Dr. Farr points to a parish in England in which the death of a child was rarer than that of an adult. The expectation of life for a child born in Shrewsbury, England, is one in 33.9; in London, one in 60. In Norway three out of four children live and are reared. In many of our cities nearly half die before they reach five years of age.

Let mankind and womankind know that the human in its creation is not a failure. Children were made to live, and the death of any human being before maturity is an accident, with the very few exceptions of "freaks of Nature," so called. Indeed, we have great need nowadays to do as Canon Kingsley did, and accept this preservation of child-life as a great moral question. There is a good deal of bad management and moralizing sentimentalism in the death of small children. We are outraged at the thing as at present conducted and call for a stay of proceedings.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Alum in Bread.—By a careful series of experiments on dogs it has been found that biscuits made with alum baking-powder poisoned them, whilst they thrive upon biscuits made in the same way but with cream of tartar baking-powder, from which no ill effects were experienced. By an ingenious surgical contrivance, gastric juice was obtained from the stomach of a dog and it was found that when impregnated with alum it would not completely dissolve the most easily digestible food, and would not dissolve the white of boiled eggs at all. In all these cases the quantity of alum may have been greater than that usually employed by bakers or in families. In one case it was twenty teaspoonfuls of alum baking-powder to a quart of flour and in another ten teaspoonfuls, but the alum appears to do injury just in proportion to the quantity used. This ingredient of bread and cakes is credited with producing a large proportion of the dyspepsia which is the easily besetting disease of America.—*N. Y. Witness.*

Women Doctors.—In an article in the *International Review*, Dr. Chadwick makes the just observation that the question is no longer, Shall women be allowed to practise medicine? They are practising it, not by ones and twos, but by hundreds, and the only problem now is, Shall we give them opportunities for studying medicine before they avail themselves of the already acquired right of practising it? It is clearly the interest of the community to give to women the fullest instruction, in accordance with the most improved systems, and under the most eminent teachers, and also that their proficiency should be tested by the most rigid ordeals before they officially receive certificates. By a recognition of these certificates and their comparative values, the community would be able to protect itself from the impositions of ignorant or fraudulent pretenders to medical knowledge.

Soda for Burns.—All kinds of burns, including scalds and sunburns, are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of soda to the burnt surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. This method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution.

Care in the Use of Narcotics.—The three narcotics most often used for the purpose of securing sleep, are opium, laudanum and chloral. They are a dangerous dependence, and should never be resorted to except in the extremest cases, and only for the briefest possible period; and they should not be taken at all, except on the direct prescription of a competent physician.

DOMESTIC.

TO BOIL VEGETABLES.

It may be taken as a rule that all green vegetables, such as cabbage, Brussels sprouts, string beans, &c., should be boiled quickly in abundance of water.

Cabbage, as usually served, is a coarse, rank vegetable, while, properly cooked, fresh cabbage is as delicate and delicious as cauliflower. Cut it into four or six pieces, put them into a large saucepan with plenty of boiling water, and let them be brought quickly to the boiling point and kept rapidly boiling with the cover off, pushing the leaves down with a spoon as they rise above the water. Let it boil thus until quite tender, but no longer, as the vegetable then loses color and flavor, and becomes rank, yellow, and wilted.

N. B.—This method of allowing abundance of water and space, together with quick boiling, does not apply to peas, spinach, and asparagus.

Peas only require moderately quick boiling in sufficient water to cover them, to which has been added a spoonful of sugar, not enough to sweeten, but only to replace the sweetness the water has taken away. English people always add a small bunch of fresh mint.

Asparagus requires special care, and after it has been scraped and trimmed (cutting an inch or two, if it is long, from the root end) it should be tied in bundles and put to stand in a deep saucepan, with water just reaching to the tops. It should then be boiled with moderate quickness until done, i. e., for about twenty minutes. You will then find that you can take it up without losing one of the frail heads, and the flavor is much fuller than when these have been soaked by lying down in the water. Always have a slice of toast at the bottom of your vegetable dish for asparagus or cauliflower; it drains those delicate vegetables better than you can otherwise do without injuring them. Serve with a fine white sauce.

Spinach is another vegetable that is rarely well cooked; it is of such a watery nature that it should be put into the pot in which it is to be boiled without water; it will soon make enough liquid with its own juice; when tender, take it out, chop and season it; meanwhile allow the juice that remains in the saucepan to boil down; then return the spinach to it, and stew until the excess of liquid is evaporated. Put less salt to this vegetable than to others. It is hardly necessary to say, perhaps, that salt must always be boiled with vegetables.

Tomato Soup.—Take a shin-bone, have it broken, and put in soup-kettle with five quarts of cold water; allow it to boil steadily, and skim: in an hour put in four dozen good sized tomatoes; do not skin them; boil until your soup is reduced to one-half; take a potato-masher and crush the tomatoes; pass through a strainer; return to kettle, and remove the beef before serving; season with salt and pepper. This is a plain country tomato soup.

Economical Plum-Pudding.—One pound of flour, one pound of bread-crumbs, two ounces of mixed spice, one pound of suet, one pound of candied peel, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, half a pound of blanched almonds slightly bruised, six dried walnuts peeled and divided in half; mix the ingredients together; wet with half a pint of milk. Boil ten hours.

Blanc Mange.—Boil one and one-half ounces of isinglass, three ounces of sweet and six bitter almonds, well pounded, in a quart of milk; let it boil until the isinglass is dissolved; then strain it through a napkin; stir it until nearly cold, and put it into the mould.

Cheese Omelette.—Grate cheese in proportion of a large cupful to one dozen eggs, beat the eggs as for omelette; add the cheese, pour into a buttered or oiled frying-pan about a half inch thick, fry quickly, do not turn; serve on buttered toast, very hot.

Cream Pie.—To one pint of milk put two even tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, two of sugar, one egg, a small pinch of salt, and flour to taste, with extract of lemon and orange mixed. Bake in a rich paste.

Poor Man's Pudding.—Three cups of flour, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one cup of suet, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, spices to taste; boil two hours; use with a sauce.

A THORNY PATH.

(By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," Etc.)

CHAPTER XVII.—*(Continued.)*

Dot had fallen asleep beside him on the hearth, and the fire-light shone full on her pretty face. Don gazed on her with a deep, mute tenderness shining through his eyes, and Mrs. Clack felt as if some great and marvelous change had passed upon him.

"I've lots to learn," he said, after a long silence. "I know nothink at all save that God loves us, and sent His Son to us, and He is the Son of Man that came to seek and to save them that are lost. That's all I know. I must set to work and learn hard."

It was growing late before Don, in his weariness, roused himself up to the exertion of going down-stairs to the coach-house beneath and his hard mattress, on which he had slept so soundly in old times. Dot woke up when he stirred, and would not be parted from him, crying and fretting till Mrs. Clack told Don to take her with him. She watched them down the steep staircase, waiting to put out the gas, and saw how fond and careful Don was of the little child, though he had to cling to the wall himself to get down. He turned to look at her before passing into the place below, and she saw his face bright and happy with a smile of utter content. It brought the tears to her eyes, and she could scarcely answer his last "Good-night."

It seemed to Don almost like heaven to get back once more to his old shelter. He had been tossed to and fro so long, sleeping, if he was under a roof at all, in some crowded lodging-house, that this quiet place, dimly lighted by a little candle, was like a long-wished-for haven of rest and tranquillity to him. The dark corners were scarcely touched by the feeble glimmer of his light, and the unpaved floor was damp under his feet; but it was here that he felt at home, and no other spot in all the dwelling-places of London could have given to him the same perfect sense of satisfaction and peace. He had not seen it since old Lister had died there, on the self-same mattress on which little Dot was soon fast asleep; and Don sat down to rest himself, and to think over all that night, and what old Lister had said before he crossed the threshold of the other world. Don knew now what he had only heard for the first time then. In this world he had Mrs. Clack and little Dot to love and be loved by; in the other world there were God and Jesus Christ who loved him, and whom he loved already. His whole soul was full of happiness and rest. Could there be anything better for him to learn?

"Oh, God!" he whispered, as he lay down, "I know nothink yet; only You love me, and I fervently thank You."

Mrs. Clack was astir early in the morning, and took care to have a tempting breakfast ready for Don as soon as he awoke. She heard through the floor between her room and the coach-house that Dot was awake and calling to him to take her up, and she went quietly down-stairs with a light in her hand to fetch the little child away, if she could persuade her to come without disturbing Don. He was very fast asleep, though Dot was sitting up beside him, crying in a half-frightened tone, as she patted his pinched face, and called "Old Don!" Mrs. Clack stepped cautiously to the bedside, and laid her hand very gently on the wasted forehead, which felt icy-cold to her fingers. Don was dead.

LITTLE DOT AND HER MOTHER.

CHAP. XVIII.—GRIEF AND GLADNESS.

It was some time before Mrs. Clack could believe that what she dreaded was true, and like little Dot, she called aloud, "Don! Don!" His white face was very peaceful, and his wasted frame lay restfully on the mattress, as though he were still only sleeping, and would rouse up presently, if they only called him loud enough. In the flickering light of her candle she almost fancied his lips smiled faintly as Dot's little hand stroked his face; but in her inmost heart she knew that he was gone from this world's grief and gloom, though it had been by a thorny path. Already he knew more than all earthly teachers could tell him. He was gone to be taught by God Himself.

Mrs. Clack went back up-stairs, carrying the crying child, but she herself was too troubled for tears.

It was Sunday morning and the mews was quieter than on week-days, as most of its inhabitants were still slumbering. Nobody had seen Dot come back the night before; and with the old habits of reserve yet clinging to her, she had not told any one, even when she had sent Peggy on her errand. She felt reluctant to rouse any of them to hear the sad news. There was no doubt in her mind that Don had been dying slowly of starvation; but, oh! was she to blame in not sending for a doctor last night, when he was too tired to swallow the food she offered to him? Could he have been saved if she had listened to the fears her heart had whispered? It was clear from what little Dot said that he had not touched a morsel of food all the day, and it was only too probable that many hours had passed since he had taken anything to nourish life. She knew the sad secret of how many hours it is safe to go without food. It was no new thing to her to discover that the poor may slowly famish from the want of things necessary to life, until they grow unconscious of the certain death that is stealthily lying in wait for them; when their resolution breaks down, and they accept the dreaded shelter of the workhouse, too late.

Mrs. Clack determined upon going at once to consult with Abbott, and to take Dot to her mother, before telling her trouble to any one else. It was not a very cold morning, but the clouds were low, and the sky gloomy, as Mrs. Clack and Dot crossed the Kensington Gardens. The child, with some recollection of the place, left her side to run among the trees, hiding herself behind them, and calling gleefully to the sad old woman, whose heart was filled with sorrow and awe. But she did not check her merriment; for had not Don given his life to save her? And her laughter and happiness would be very dear to Don; he would not wish her to be gloomy and weeping, even for his sake.

The church-bells were beginning their first chimes for the morning service when she reached the house where Abbott was still living on the ground floor, and Hagar in her little room under the roof. She hesitated for a minute, and then led Dot down the area-steps, and knocked at Abbott's door. It was opened immediately, for he was at home, and ready to go out as soon as he heard his cousin and Hagar leaving the house by their entrance above. Mrs. Clack pushed Dot forward, and, for the first time, the tears welled up to her eyes and sobs came to her lips.

"There's little Dot," she cried; "but oh! Don is dead, starved to death! He's been famishing himself to take care of her, and he's dead."

"Don dead?" he repeated; "starved to death? And little Dot here. Hush! there's Hagar coming down-stairs. Hagar," he cried, hastening to the foot of the staircase, "don't set off just yet; wait till I come to you."

He placed Mrs. Clack in his mother's old armchair, and raised Dot in his arms, wondering how he was to break the glad news to Hagar that the child was found, just as they were giving up all hope. But even in these first moments of joy it was plain to him that there was a grief behind it, which must cast a shadow over it forever. He had never seen Don, but he had heard much about him, and knew how dear he was to Mrs. Clack. And now she was weeping bitterly, and sobbing out that he was dead.

"He brought Dot home to me last night," she said; "and I found him this mornin' lyin' dead in his bed, with a smile on his face, and I came away to you, and never told anybody, and there he is

now, this minute, as if he was only sleepin'."

"Where is he?" asked Abbott.

"On the mattress where he always used to sleep," she answered; "and I could almost fancy he was alive, and it 'ud be all right if I went home again and called him. But he's dead; died in his sleep, and me never hearin' a cry or a groan. Oh! what shall I do?"

"Old Don's fast asleep," said little Dot. "I called him, and he never spoke. I couldn't make him open his eyes. Poor old Don!"

"Mrs. Clack," said Abbott, "I must fetch Hagar down, and let her have her child again. She never knew Don, and you must bear with her a little if she thinks of nothing, just at present, except Dot. You know as well as I do how she's pining after her, and how she's almost given up all hope. I'll go and bring her here."

He found Hagar standing at the open door, waiting for him, as he had asked her, and wondering what made him late this Sunday morning. He led her down-stairs, to the door of the kitchen where Mrs. Clack and Dot were, scarcely knowing what to say to her.

"Hagar," he said, in a hurried yet hesitating manner;" Mrs. Clack is here; she has brought something for you."

"Brought something for me!" repeated Hagar.

"Yes, a thing you have longed for, and despaired of, and given up all hopes of," he answered. "Something that you cannot be happy without. Cannot you guess, Hagar?"

She stood motionless, with her hand upon the fastening of the door. All the color faded away from her face, though an eager and almost wild *light shone in* her eyes. It seems to her barely possible to utter a word, and yet her lips faltered out:

"Not my little Dot?"

"Yes," he said.

It was not her hand but his that opened the door, for all the strength had forsaken her. But when her eyes fell upon little Dot, her little girl, so long ago forsaken, so lost, and so sorrowfully sought after, she cried with a very sharp and piercing cry, and sank down on her knees before her, scarcely able to clasp her in her trembling arms.

"Oh! my darling! my little child, my own little Dot! Now I know," she sobbed, "at last God has forgiven me."

"Go away!" said Dot, pushing her back, and struggling to free herself from her clasp; "go away. I want old Don. I want to go and wake up old Don."

It was a sudden and a wholesome check upon the excess of Hagar's gladness. Her child had forgotten her, the child she had deserted. Dot looked on her merely as a stranger, and cried to go back to the boy who was known only by name to Hagar. She rose up from the ground where she had knelt and sank down on a chair, gazing wistfully at Dot. There was a great silence in the place; no one spoke to her, and whe she looked up astonished, she saw that Mrs. Clack was weeping bitterly, and Abbott's face was sad.

"What is the matter?" she asked, in a tumult of great joy, and sorrow, and dread.

"It's only me and Don," answered Mrs. Clack; "I felt as he'd be almost like a son to me when he came back. It's him as has taken care of Dot, and he brought her home again last night in the dusk. I was sittin' by the fire, thinkin' of him, when I heard his knock; ay, I was sure it was his knock, at the door, and I went down to let him in and give him a welcome. But it looked like a ghost at the door, tall and thin, and a white face, and great, starin' eyes as bright as stars—I could scarcely believe it was Don. And when he climbed the stairs, and could speak a little, he told me Cripple Jack had made him believe I was dead and buried, and Dot was goin' to be sent to the workhouse. So to save her he stole her away, and they've been livin' anyhow they could at the East End, nights and nights never in a bed, and days and days with scarcely a morsel to eat; only he went short himself that Dot might have enough. And he never forsook her. And he overworked himself, and starved himself," she sobbed, her voice breaking down as she uttered the word "starved."

"I'll take care of him," cried Hagar; "I'll be good to him as long as he lives. Oh! if I'd only been true like him."

"He's dead," said Mrs. Clack, after a short silence. "I've known other folks die in that way. They drop off unawares to themselves. It's hard to bear hunger at first, but they get used to it after a while, and they never think it's killing them. I'm sure Don didn't think he was near dyin', though he said folks told him he wasn't long for this world. He bid me good night quite joyful, and I waited and listened till he'd put his candle out, and him and Dot were quite quiet. If he'd only stirred or groaned in the night I couldn't help hearin' him. But he went away in his sleep, and now surely he is where the Lord Jesus is, though he knew so little about Him. He was longin' to learn more about Him, and now he sees His face, maybe."

It seemed to bring the other world very near to them, as, with a strange sense of awe and sorrow, they thought of Don standing in the presence of the Saviour, whose footsteps he had followed so faithfully, though he had not known it. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." And Don had possessed and manifested this love. Why should they wish him back again to the troubles and sorrows of this sinful world? He had fought his fight, and finished his course; he had kept what he knew of the faith. They could not have spoken a word to call him back again into the thick of the battle.

They set out for the low, dark coach-house, where his body lay. The nearest way was through Kensington Gardens, and every step brought back to Hagar the sick despair that had conquered her, when she had abandoned her father and little Dot. She had cast away her burden and Don had taken it up. But she knew more now of the loving kindness of God, which never fails, even if it leads His children homeward along a path as full of gloom and grief as that which Don had trodden.

"But he can't undo the wicked things we've done," she said, half aloud; "it will never be the same as if I hadn't forsook them. If I'd kept true, Don would be alive now. It seems as if little Dot belonged more to him by rights than to me."

There was but a dim light in the coach-house, though it was full noon-day when they entered it, but it was light enough to see Don's calm, pale face, and the peaceful smile lingering upon it. He had passed away in a tranquil sleep, and his weary body was lying for ever at rest. There was no more labor for the hands to do, no rough road for the feet to tread. There would never more be hunger and thirst for him, no houselessness nor friendlessness. He was gone home to his Father.

"He'll never grow up to be a man now," whispered Mrs. Clack, mournfully; "but I know he'd have made a good man, and he'd have been like a son to me."

CHAP. XIX.—A SHAMEFUL VERDICT.

It was necessary to have an inquest held on the death of the homeless and nameless boy; and the usual verdict of death through starvation was returned. This verdict is growing common enough to lose its power of giving a shock to the hundreds of thousands of hearths where comfort and ease abound. But Mrs. Clack had some few visitors who came, with aching hearts, to learn all the particulars of Don's early death, and to see if anything could be done to prevent such deaths in the future. To perish of hunger in the midst of plenty such as the world never knew before! To die of famine and the want of all things, whilst our river is thronged with heavily-laden ships coming in day after day, bringing stores of corn and food from the furthest ends of the earth! To be stinted in the absolute necessaries of life, whilst luxury and waste run riot on every hand; whilst hundreds of tons of food are thrown away lest prices should become too low! That was terrible.

Christ had come amongst us, in the form of one of the least of his brethren; he had been hungry, and we had not fed him; naked, and we clothed him not; a stranger and we took him not in.

They buried him in the grave which Mr. Abbott had bought for his mother, and where Hagar's baby was lying; for they could not bear the thought of laving him in a common grave, where every trace of his last resting-place would presently be lost. He had no name that they could put upon the headstone; but they added a new inscription to that already upon it, one which would remind them of him whenever they came to the spot: "He shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; and God shall wipe away all tears from his eyes."

After Hagar and Abbott had been married a few months, they persuaded Mrs. Clack to give up her old home in the mews and her toilsome business, and to come and live in the pleasant attic which had been Hagar's place of refuge. They had not forgotten that Don would have been like a son to her; and they felt as if they were in duty bound to make up to her, as far as possible, what she had lost in him. She had made some provision for her old age; and they could look after her comfort and welfare if she was under the same roof, they said.

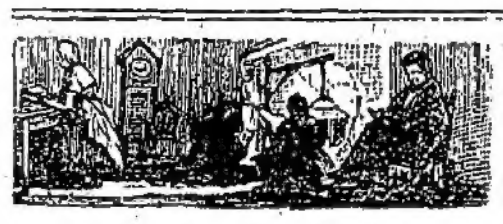
As time passed on Hagar grew happier; for though she could never forget the past, her thoughts no longer brooded over it. She had learned to know God better; and to trust in Him; and even if He had required her to pass again through the sharp trial she had failed in before, she would have been willing to meet it.

Little Dot was never weary of listening to the story of Don's great love for her; and Mrs. Clack was fond of telling it. Hagar herself would sometimes lay aside her work, and draw near to hear it, in spite of the pain it stirred in her heart.

"Don loved you and lost his life for you," Hagar would say to her child, with a sad smile upon her face. "But oh, if it had not been all a mistake! If he'd only come back a day later, when Mrs. Clack had got home. Or if he hadn't believed Cripple Jack, Don might have been alive now!"

"Ay," said Abbott, one day when she said this in his hearing, "and yet it brought Don nearer to being like our Lord Jesus Christ than if he'd lived to be a man. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.' Hagar," he continued, "it was through no mistake, and no lie, but knowing there was no other way to bring us back to God, that Jesus Christ came and laid down His life for us."

THE END.



The Family Circle.

REAPING.

Every one is sowing, both by word and deed;
All mankind are growing either wheat or weed;
Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of seed.

Serious ones are seeking seed already sown;
Many eyes are weeping, now the crop is grown;
Think upon the reaping—each one reaps his own.

Surely as the sowing shall the harvest be—
See what you are throwing over hill or lea,
Words and deeds are growing for eternity.

There is One all knowing, looking on away,
Fruit to him is flowing, feeling for the day—
Will your heart be glowing, in the grand array?

Ye that would be bringing sheaves of golden grain,
Mind what you are flinging, both from hand and brain,
Then 'mid glad songs singing you shall glean great gain.

—*Littel's Living Age.*

DOT AND DIDDY.

BY MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

Dot was named for grandmother, whose name was Dorothy. Diddy's true name was Didymus, called after grandfather. Nobody could think of calling them by such long names when they were babies, so they had always been Dot and Diddy.

They had been busy preparing to-morrow's lessons ever since school; now it was getting too dark to see.

"It gets dark here before it does anywhere else," said Dot, drawing up to the cook stove and resting her feet on the hearth—"mean, dark, old room! I havn't half got my examples."

Diddy would almost make a light in a room, he was such a sunshiny boy.

"Never mind," he said, "you can do them this evening; cheer up, Thursday is New Year's."

"What of that?" Dot said almost petulantly, "New Year's isn't a bit better than any other day."

"What!" said Diddy in astonishment. "When there's no school and I can go coasting all day!"

"I can't," said Dot, "I s'pose I'll do just what I did all day Christmas; sweep, wash dishes, and mop and wash dishes. As if I wouldn't a great deal rather be in school. I don't see why boys should have all the good times; boys ought to do housework too."

"I will," said generous Diddy. "I'll stay home and help you all the forenoon, and you can go with me in the afternoon." This made Dot laugh and feel a little ashamed of herself, though she went on with her grumbling.

"Yes, likely mother'd let me go off with a lot of boys. I tell you I never did see much fun in Christmas or New Year's. I'd rather things would go right along, it's sort o' lonesome and gloomy such days, always."

"It isn't gloomy up to Morrison's," Diddy said, with a little sigh. "I stepped in for Jimmy to get him to go skating with me last New Year's. Whew! what a table they had, all dressed up in flowers and silver, and they had a big turkey and all the fixins', and a plum-pudding, and candies and nuts besides; they were all talking and laughing, and it looked so pleasant. They asked me to sit down and have some dinner."

"Why didn't you?" said Dot, sure if Diddy had accepted the invitation she would have heard of it before this time.

"S'pose I was going to let them think that I came sneaking round just at dinner time, like a dog or a beggar, to see if they'd give me something to eat?" said self-respecting Diddy. "I said no, thank you; I've been to dinner, and that was true too, even if I didn't have any such big time at it as they did."

"Oh! dear," said Dot, "rich folks can have everything. I wouldn't care to be so dreadful rich, but I would like to have a carpet on the floor, and white tablecloths when we eat, and a nice dinner once in a while, and a room full of windows where the sun came in, and—"

"Children, stop your nonsense," said their mother, a careworn, anxious looking woman, who sat by the window, running a noisy sewing-machine.

"Diddy, get your coal and kindlings, and Dot, light a lamp and set the table."

Poor Dot, no wonder she coveted light and sunshine, and good cheer. Mrs. Wynn had been forced to work so hard to provide for them all since her husband's death, that she sometimes forgot that they needed anything but food and clothes, and shelter. She made pants and vests and had earned a comfortable living, besides paying what was due on their home, and laying up a snug sum in the bank.

The little brown house had four rooms, but the kitchen still served the purposes of sitting-room, workshop, dining-room and kitchen. It was an unusually gloomy room; the paint was dark, and the walls had on them some dingy, greasy paper; the floor was bare, and the one window looked square into the side of a barn; at this window Mrs. Wynn always sat, sewing on the machine, pressing, or making button holes. When meal-time came, the bare table was spread with whatever would give the least labor.

Dot was beginning to feel that their home was not the most cheerful place in the world, now that she occasionally got a peep into the pleasant homes of other girls. Then mother in the midst of her hard work had forgotten that she was ever a child herself, that boys and girls need play, as much as colts and kittens. She forgot, too, to brighten up the dark room with smiles and loving words.

Dot set the table and supper was soon disposed of, and Mrs. Wynn was just sitting down to her work again, when old Mrs. Dow who lived next door came in to see if Mrs. Wynn would not go to meeting with her.

"It's a real dark night and I'm afraid to go alone," she said. "There's a man from England going to preach in our church to-night, just passing through the city you know, so they got him to preach. It isn't really preaching either, they call it a Bible reading. I don't know exactly what that is, but he's wonderful smart I hear."

Mrs. Wynn "guessed not," she couldn't leave the children, and Mrs. Dow said: "Pity if they weren't big enough to stay alone a little while," and Dot and Diddy said, "Do go." "Well, I will, just to accommodate you," said Mrs. Wynn, at last. So after she had charged them not to move the lamp from the middle of the table, nor to open the door if anybody knocked, till they asked who it was, and not to meddle with the fire, she went, although she said she ought to stay at home and make button holes in a vest.

How glad she was that she did not stay. How little she thought that going to that meeting would change everything for her in the most wonderful way.

As Jesus met the blind man in the way, so now he met this tired, busy woman in the meeting, and opened her blind eyes to see that she was lost, and to see that he was her Saviour. She came home loving and trusting him; not the same woman at all who went out of that door two hours before.

Dot and Diddy were asleep, so she had a quiet time to think. Their talk before supper had come to her ears, even though the sewing-machine did clatter so; and Dot's complainings had made her feel cross, she hardly knew why at the time. She resolved now that this should be a New Year indeed to them all, that Dot should have a little more sunshine put into her life. It was late before she slept that night, she had so much to think of.

Next morning when she had sent home her bundle of work all finished, she went to work carrying out some of her plans made the night before.

There was a small room in the wing of the house that had never been used for anything except to put everything in, that anybody did not know what to do with. It had two windows, and "lots of sunshine," and a fireplace. It was cleared out in a hurry, and such scrubbing and scouring as went on must have astonished the spiders who had occupied it so long. When it was all shining and had dried, Mrs. Wynn locked the door again; she was not ready to open that room to the public yet, there was a secret here.

Next, she went down town, and she actually bought a carpet! It was such a bit of a room that it did not take much; a bright, pretty carpet, white and red, and some white muslin curtains, coarse and cheap, but just as pretty as they could be; a round table for the lamp, a lounge frame, and some chintz to cover it, a rocking-chair and another chair or two, and the little parlor was furnished.

Mrs. Wynn had to work very hard to get the carpet made and down, and the curtains made and up, and all the other things done, but she did, and New Year's eve it was in order, the very cosiest room you ever saw.

Mrs. Wynn had kept the secret about the new room well, but she had not kept the glad look from her eyes, nor the happy tones from her voice. The children wondered, but did not know the reason.

They wondered still more, when next morning somebody called out: "Happy New Year," before their eyes were open. Mother had never done that before. They were more used to being wakened with: "Get up! Are you going to sleep all day? It's going on to seven o'clock." Dot and Diddy were soon up and dressed, and when they came out in the kitchen they gazed with eyes and mouths wide open. The table was set, and it had a white, nicely ironed tablecloth on it, and there was a good smell of johnny cake and baked potatoes. The door of the little rubbish room stood wide open; a fire snapped and crackled on the hearth and made the white walls glow with a rosy light. They got as far as the door and looked in; nobody spoke—at last Diddy broke into a laugh, and Dot joined, and finally all three laughed until they cried, and crying was what they wanted to do at first, for laughing somehow wouldn't let all the new joy out that this New Year morning brought them.

"Who did it?" they said, and "How did you come to do it?" and "How pretty!" and "How beautiful," and "Isn't this grand?" and "Who'd thought this old room would ever look like this!"

Then they both put their arms about their mother, and hugged and kissed her until she fairly gasped for breath, and that was something new for them to do. The Wynn family could never be again what they had been.

It seemed, though, as if wonders would never cease. Behold they had roast chicken with the "fixins" for dinner, and cranberry sauce and apple pie, besides candies and nuts. Then old Mrs. Dow in her best white cap and best black gown came to dinner, and that was new, too—company to dinner.

They were all just as happy as they could be. In the evening they popped corn and played games, mother, Mrs. Dow and all, and they laughed as hard as if they were young.

Before Mrs. Dow went home, mother brought out a big old Bible that had always been packed away out of sight, and she said: "Children, this New Year is going to bring new things to us. I have found a new Master, and now, 'as for me and my house we will serve the Lord.'" Then she read a sweet psalm, and Mrs. Dow prayed, and so this wonderful day came to an end, and Dot and Diddy decided that it was the very newest, and the very best New Year that had ever come to their house.

It came, because the dear Lord kept this promise:

"A new heart will I give you."—*Church and Home.*

"SUCH AS I HAVE."

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

"It just makes me sick at heart whenever I think of poor Mrs. Stiles!" exclaimed tender-hearted Mrs. Warren, as she turned a teacup in the pan of hot water before her, and then proceeded to wipe it dry.

"Any new trouble, Sarah?" asked her husband, as he turned the newspaper he had been reading.

"No, I don't know as there is; but, dear me! I don't see how the woman could live if another drop of hardship should come to her. Husband in the insane asylum; her only daughter just dead, leaving those two mites of children; one son with all he can do to get bread for his own family; the other son in Texas or somewhere; not a cent hardly to spend for herself, as I happen to know. I just think it's too bad; and if ever there was a deserving creature in this world, Mrs. Stiles is one."

"That's true, Sarah; but what can we do for her? Silver and gold we have none, you know, but such as we have I am sure I would be glad enough to give her, if I only knew what we could give that would help her any."

"Silver and gold wouldn't come amiss, I'm pretty sure," rejoined the good wife. "I can't tell any more than you what we've got that would do her any good; but she shan't lack for a comforting word once in a while. I couldn't sleep last night, just for thinking of her."

"There's a power of good in a little thing sometimes," remarked Uncle Jacob, who had been listening attentively to the conversation. Uncle Jacob, as he was called by all the Warren family, was Mrs. Warren's only brother, who recently had returned to their Ohio home after having lived several years in California and Colorado. "That winter I was down in that Colorado mining-camp, shut in there with all those rough men, I thought more of a letter from the folks at home than I did of silver or gold; and once when I got one from Mary that had one from Willie in it, I just went away from the men and cried. You see when Willie found out his mother was writing to me, he wanted to write a letter too; so Mary gave him a piece of paper and a pen, and he went to work to 'write papa a letter.' Great work he made of it, to be sure, for he wasn't three years old; but Mary sent it just as he folded it, and I tell you that piece of paper, all blotted and crumpled, was worth more to me then than a bank-note; and no bank-note could buy it now."

Tears came to the eyes of more than one member of that household, for Uncle Jacob's wife and baby Willie both had died the previous year.

Nelly Warren wiped her eyes, and leaned forward to stroke the cat, attempting at the same time to choke back a sob. Pussy jumped into her lap, and the little girl sat a long time stroking the soft fur and thinking.

"And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

This was her "quarter verse." The teacher of the Sunday-school class to which Nelly belonged gave to each of her scholars on the first Sunday of every quarter a verse, the teaching of which she desired the scholar to apply specially to her character and life during that quarter. Nelly had at once memorized her verse, and was on the alert for opportunities of doing something for Christ by helping people about her.

"Remember, Nelly," her teacher had said to her, "that Christ takes note of every little thing; and if you can do nothing more than speak a kind word to a schoolmate, or gladden some heart by the gift of a flower, if you do it for him he will accept the service as done to him."

"What can I do for poor Mrs. Stiles?" was the question she was trying to answer, as she sat there, almost unconsciously stroking the back of the drowsy cat.

The question was still unanswered when the clock announced her bed-time; but as she went to her room she said to herself: "I'll go and see Mrs. Stiles to-morrow, and I'll ask the Lord before I go to show me what I can do to help her."

* * * * * *

"Mother, may I use the new scrap-book you gave me yesterday just as I want to?"

"Why, I think you may, Nelly, of course. I got it for you to keep those clippings in you think so much of. Don't you want to use it for that?"

"That's what I intended to do, but I have a new plan now. When I heard what you said last night about Mrs. Stiles I thought I'd like to do something to bring a little sunshine into her life, so I stopped there just now on my way home from school, and I asked the Lord to show me if there was anything I could do for her, and I think he answered my prayer right away. When I went in, Mrs. Stiles was reading a letter she'd just received from Rob Mason. You know she always thought a great deal of him, and he calls her 'mother' when he writes to her, and she says his letters are a great comfort to her; and he always sends her

some little poem or some other good thing he has cut from the papers, and you know how fond she is of such things. In the letter she got to-day, he sent a poem about 'Trust,' and she said it did her so much good she was more willing than ever to put her hand in God's hand and let him lead her. Then she showed me a little box, with a good many scraps in it that Rob had sent to her; and she said since she had been obliged to give up the religious paper she had taken for years, she just reads over and over those clippings Rob sends her, and now some of them are getting quite worn. I thought, if you'd let me, I'd fill that big new scrap-book about half full with my clippings, and give it to Mrs. Stiles, and she could have the other half for those she gets from Rob Mason. It wouldn't be much to give to some folks, but she thinks so much of these things, and she misses her paper so."

Uncle Jacob had come in from the barn while Nelly was eagerly making her plan known, and as she stopped for her mother's approval of it, which she felt sure would be given, he said:

"We'll all put in the whole evening, Nelly, on that scrap-book, and if we find good things enough we'll fill the book full. I guess Mrs. Stiles ought to have a scrap-book just for those things Rob sends her. We'll get it for her in some way."

No household in the land could have been happier that evening than were the Warrens. The table was left standing in the middle of the room after the supper dishes were cleared away, and about it were gathered Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Uncle Jacob, and Nelly, all interested in filling the scrap-book. Nelly brought the book and her little box of clippings; Mrs. Warren brought out another lot of scraps which had been accumulating for several years; while Mr. Warren brought down from an old chest up stairs a pile of old papers which had been laid away months before, "because it seemed too bad to destroy such papers." From the scraps already cut, Mrs. Warren and Nelly began at once to make selections and to paste the chosen ones in the book, while Mr. Warren and Uncle Jacob searched the papers for such tidbits as they all knew would delight the heart of their unfortunate neighbor.

It was late when the book was filled, "but it's been a good work for us," remarked Uncle Jacob. "I've got hold of some thoughts myself to-night that I guess will help me to be a better man. This work's done me good, Nelly, if it never helps anybody else."

The next morning Mr. Warren and Uncle Jacob went down to the village, and when Nelly came in from school in the afternoon she saw on the table three new scrap-books. "This one is for Mrs. Stiles to use as she may wish; that one Uncle Jacob bought for his own use; and the other father bought for you," explained Mrs. Warren.

When Nelly took the two scrap-books to Mrs. Stiles's poor little home the good lady had gone to a neighbor's house to tea, so she wrote a note, and left it with the books just inside the door. When she returned from school the next day the following note awaited her:

DEAR NELLY:—How did you know I have been hungry for weeks for just the things you brought me last night? I can't thank you, but the Lord will repay you in some way, for I am sure he considers it a gift to himself. May he in all your sorrow send you comfort as you have comforted me. Come and see me very soon.

Your loving friend,
CAROLINE STILES.

"I think," said Nelly, as she refolded the note, "the Lord has taught me that I must not wait to do some great thing for him, but that he is pleased and honored when I give willingly and cheerfully such as I have."—*S. S. Times.*

"JESUS WILL BE SO VEXED."

It was a wet Sunday evening, and the girls at Mrs. Benedict's large school were prevented by the rain from going to church. Most of the elder ones were gathered in the library with their favorite governess, talking and singing hymns. But one who should have been among them chose to sit alone in the dark, cold school-room, which was never used on Sundays. She had what she called "one of her jealous fits," and felt too cross and wretched to join the happy party in the library.

At last, however, she went into a class-room, where all the little ones had gathered, and having settled herself moodily in a corner, went on brooding over a fancied slight from her much-loved friend, the head mistress, and determining to show her resentment for the same by keeping away from her and treating her very coldly. Poor foolish girl! she was not only hurting her friend, who really loved her, but was making herself utterly wretched!

Presently there was a stir among the little ones; they were going to bed, and one, who was the particular pet and darling of this elder girl, came to her for a "good night" kiss. At once she saw the cloud on her friend's face.

"Ella, darling, what is the matter?"

"I am very unhappy," was the answer.

"But why?" persisted the child.

"Because I have quarrelled—at least, I am cross with some one."

"Who is it, darling; any one you love?"

"Yes," was the reluctant answer; for the elder girl felt a little ashamed of herself while those little clinging arms were round her neck.

"Oh I am so sorry! do make it up."

"I can't, Kittie; I am too angry."

The little arms clasped closer round her as Kittie whispered, "But Jesus will be so vexed if you don't. He wants you to. Please promise you will make it up to-night."

"I can't promise, Kittie. I will try; good night, little darling."

Left to herself, Ella thought over the child's last words, and presently, when the friend to whom she was behaving so badly came to her, and, kneeling down beside her, tried to win her back to good temper, Ella's bad resolutions melted away, and in the morning she could say to her little friend, "It is all right, Kittie; I told her I was sorry, and it is all over now."

But I doubt whether it would have been "all over" (for poor Ella's jealous fits lasted for several days) if it had not been for the loving warning, "Jesus will be so vexed."

Very few words, dear children, and very simple, but they did more good than I can tell you. Will you not try what a few loving words about the Lord Jesus will do for those around you?

And when you are tempted to do wrong things yourselves, remember Kitty's whispered words, "Jesus will be so vexed."—*The Christian.*

THE MARK IN THE FOREHEAD.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

When a Hindoo rises in the morning, he first of all prays to his God, and the exercise is not over in a minute or two. He takes time for his devotions, such as they are. Then he puts the mark of his god on his forehead. If he belongs to one great party he makes three rays of paint on his forehead; if to the other, he puts ashes upon it, and a black spot in the centre. Then when he goes about his daily affairs every one knows what god he worships.

There is something suggestive to Christians in the practice of these pagans. Shall we give less time in the morning to our God than they to their stocks and stones? If our closet hour was more regarded, would not his mark be plainer in our foreheads? Would not our daily life show that we had been with Jesus in the morning? When we walk through a garden, and gather our hands full of clove pinks and damask roses, no one needs to ask us where we have been. There are some whose lives seem to breathe a constant perfume from the garden of spices, and often they are very lowly ones here on earth. Sometimes, like the sainted Mrs. Doremus, they have wealth and high position. This high honor is accessible to all, of any rank or station, but it is attained by each in the same lowly way. The spirit of devotion is the daily breath. Communion with God can make the face glow, as did Moses' when he came down from the mount.

Sometimes you will hear surprise expressed that such a person is a member of the church. "I should never have suspected it," says one who has had dealings with him. The mark in the forehead was thought to belong to quite another party. It is generally taken for granted by those without, that if one is a Christian, his life should show it. When he does not, he is regarded much as a soldier would be who is not true to his colors. But that is a small consideration compared with that which the Lord places upon him. Those who have not "the marks," as they go about among men, will hear at the last the cold declaration, "I never knew you."—*S. S. Times.*

TAMIL TRACT.

A Christian native in South India has written a tract for circulation among his heathen countrymen, referring to the kindness of British Christians in relieving the people in time of famine. He says:—The very same good Christian people who sent the missionaries to do your souls good, showing you the worthlessness of idols and the true way to Heaven, as soon as they heard of our distress collected thousands of rupees, which they sent to missionaries to expend in buying clothes and food for us. Thus, you see, O friends, who have been our benefactors. They have not looked upon our faces. They have not seen our distress. They are not of our race. They do not worship our gods or attend festivals like ours. Why did they pity us? Why did they pour out their charity upon us, strangers? It was because their Bible bid them have such a mind; because their God and Saviour taught them to do so by His example, when He was incarnate. They did not give this great charity in the famine to bribe you to become Christians. They did not ask what your religion was before giving it. They did not require you to become Christians in order to obtain it. They distributed it through Christians and heathens. They desired to do us good and to remove our hunger. As the fruit, so is the tree. Behold some of the fruit of their holy religion, and judge you of the tree. If this religion has been so good for them, changing their cruel disposition and making them powerful and prosperous, generous and pitiful, will it not be good for us also? Listen, at this time many of the Hindus living in Tinnevelly, near to the Christians, have waked up to consider all that this religion has done now for the people in the famine, and, in years past, for villagers who have become Christians; and they say, "It is better that we too become Christians. Our children should learn, our wives should improve." More than 20,000 people of all castes, in more than 200 villages, have within a few months thus broken their idols, and begun to worship their Creator and Saviour, Christ Jesus; and in Arcot and Canara many more have done likewise. Note well, O friends, this statement which I have now made to you. Consider among yourselves whether the religion which has done these things is a good religion or not. Judge for yourselves whether you should not embrace it, that your children and you may enjoy its benefits also.—*Word and Work.*

HOW TO SETTLE A DISPUTE.—Two Illinois deacons turned some calves loose in the same pasture. Two of the calves happened to be so much alike that no man could tell one from the other. One of these two disappeared. Each deacon thought the remaining calf his own. At last one of them sold the calf, and the other one insisted that it was his calf, and that the proceeds should be paid to him. There was a stormy dispute between these two deacons, and each threatened to go to law against the other. After letting the breeze blow awhile, they concluded to refer the matter to the minister, with power to make a satisfactory settlement. The minister advised them to put the $16 which the calf had sold for into the missionary treasury, and assured them that if they had any doubt in their minds as to which of them it was who was giving the money, the Lord knew all about it, and he would settle it justly and equitably. The Board of Missions got the $16 and entered it "calf money." The deacons were happy over it, and the minister was pleased to have been the means of settling what might have ripened into a congregational squabble and split the church in pieces.—*Ex.*

WE ARE always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We do not see each other's whole nature.—*Geo. Eliot.*

MERE BASHFULNESS without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.—*Addison.*

Question Corner.—No. 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

121. How long did Moses remain in the land of Midian, where he fled after smiting the Egyptian?
122. What men refused to give food to fainting soldiers?
123. Where is the solemn warning, "Be sure your sin will find you out"?
124. At what place did the Israelites first encamp when they entered the promised land?
125. What city was it in which there were six score thousand persons who could not discern between their right hand and their left?
126. Who killed Zachariah, king of Israel, and usurped his throne?
127. Who was the father of Rebekah and what relation was he to Isaac?
128. Who was prophet in Israel after the death of Samuel?
129. Which of the spies sent into Canaan belonged to the tribe of Judah?
130. What verse in the New Testament contains all the letters of the alphabet except K?
131. What prince of Israel was lame on both his feet?
132. Where does the word "girl" occur in the Bible?

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

1. From what mountain height, 'mid smoke and flame,
   Jehovah did His righteous law proclaim?
2. To what two worthies, this blest boon was given,
   Escaping death to pass from earth to heaven?
3. What rebel received this fearful doom,—
   The opening earth became his living tomb?
4. What fitting title does our Saviour wear,
   In which He shows His tender love and care?
5. In whose posterity, by all confessed,
   Shall all the nations of the earth be blest?
6. What fruitage shadows forth the blood divine,
   Whene'er we drink the sacramental wine?
7. Now at what village, desolate and sad,
   The two disciples were by Christ made glad?
   He blessed the bread when seated at the board,
   Their eyes were opened and they knew their Lord?

In these two words see the sole reason given,
Why Jesus left His glorious home in heaven.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 9.

97. Agabus, Acts xi. 28.
98. Solomon, 1 Kings viii. 51; Jeremiah xi. 4.
99. Elisha, 2 Kings vii. 1.
100. The house of the rolls, Ezra vi. 1.
101. At Antioch by Paul and Barnabas, Acts xiv. 26.
102. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, and Zedekiah, king of Judah, Jer. lii. 4.
103. After the captivity, Neh. viii. 17.
104. Hezekiah, 2 Kings xx. 4.
105. Uzziah, 2 Chron. xxvi. 20.
106. By Moses to Hobab, Num. x. 29.
107. Seer, 1 Sam. ix. 9.
108. Amalekites, Ex. xvii. 8, 13.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

"COUNSELLOR."—Isaiah ix. 6.

1. C-edar—1 Kings vi. 15.
2. O-ak—Genesis xxxv. 4.
3. U-rijah—Jeremiah xxxvi. 23.
4. N-o—Jer. xlvi. 25; Ezek. xxx. 14-16; Nahum iii. 8.
5. S-ycamore—Luke xix. 4.
6. E-schol—Num. xiii. 23.
7. L-uke—Col. iv. 14.
8. L-ydia—Acts xvi. 14.
9. O-bed—Matt. i. 5.
10. R-ebekah—Genesis xxvii.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 8.—William C. Wickham, 12; J. Tolbert Pepper, 12; Leslie J. Cornwell, 11 en; Agnes Forbes, 11; Annie Laurie McDonald, 9; Maggie Sutherland, 12; Cora M. McIntire, 12; C. A Redmond, 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON X.

JUNE 6.]

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Matt. 27: 35-50.

[About A. D. 30.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 45-50.

35. And they crucified him, and parted his garments, casting lots: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots.

36. And sitting down they watched him there:

37. And set up over his head his accusation written, THIS IS JESUS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

38. Then were there two thieves crucified with him, one on the right hand, and another on the left.

39. And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads.

40. And saying, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross.

41. Likewise also the chief priests mocking him, with the scribes and elders, said,

42. He saved others: himself he cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him.

43. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him: for he said I am the Son of God.

44. The thieves also, which were crucified with him, cast the same in his teeth.

45. Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour.

46. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, la-ma sa-bach-tha-ni? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

47. Some of them that stood there, when they heard that, said this man calleth for Elias.

48. And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink.

49. The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him.

50. Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree.—1 Peter 2: 24.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus was crucified for us.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—From the garden to the sepulchre. 1. The kiss of betrayal. 2. Panic among the mob. 3. Peter cuts off the ear of Malchus. 4. Jesus heals it. 5. "They laid hands on him and took him." 6. "Then all the disciples forsook him and fled." 7. Escape of the unknown young man. 8. Jesus is bound. 9. Taken before Annas. 10. Jesus receives the first infamous blow from one of the officers. 11. John obtains entrance for Peter into the court of the high priest. 12. *Peter's triple denial.* 13. *Jesus is* led bound before Caiaphas. 14. The Lord turned and looked upon Peter. 15. False witnesses testify against Jesus. 16. Jesus is taken to the guard-room to await daybreak. 17. Blindfolded, spit upon, buffeted, and smote by the guard. 18. Jesus is brought before the Sanhedrin in the early morning. 19. Third trial ends with the third condemnation. 20. Judas, overtaken with remorse, returns the silver and hangs himself. 21. Jesus is brought before Pilate. 22. Pilate's interview with Jesus. 23. Pilate's acquittal: "I find in him no fault at all." 24. Pilate sends Jesus to Herod. 25. Is "set at naught" by Herod, and returned to Pilate. 26. Pilate's wife cautions him. 27. Barabbas freed instead of Jesus. 28. Jesus stripped and scourged. 29. The mock coronation—scarlet robe, crown of thorns, and reed for a sceptre. 30. They again spit upon him, and smite him with the reed-sceptre, which he could not hold in his bound hands. 31. Pilate's futile attempts to release him. 32. Washes his hands before them, and declares his innocency. 33. The Jews cry out, "His blood be on us and our children!" 34. Pilate delivers Jesus to be crucified. 35. Jesus is clothed in his own garments again. 36. Jesus is led away bearing the cross. 37. Falls under the load. 38. The cross placed upon Simon of Cyrene. 39. Sympathy of the women. 40. Calvary is reached. 41. Vinegar and gall are given him to drink. 42. Jesus refuses it. 43. The cross is adjusted. 44. Jesus is stripped and nailed to the cross. 45. First utterance, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." 46. Cross, with its bleeding Victim, raised and fixed. 47. The title "King of the Jews" is put up. 48. Effort of the Jews to have it removed or changed. 49. Various insults are offered Jesus. 50. His garments are divided. 51. Taunting of the thieves. 52. *Prayer of the penitent thief.* 53 Second utterance, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." 54. The watching women. 55. Third utterance, "Woman, behold thy son; Behold thy mother." 56. The noon-day is darkened. 57. Three hours of intense silence. 58. Fourth utterance, "Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani." 59. Some say, "This man calleth for Elias." 60. Fifth utterance, "I thirst;" 61. His mouth is wet with a sponge dipped in the soldiers' drink. 62. The end is come. 63. Sixth utterance, "Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit." 64. Seventh utterance, "It is finished." 65. Jesus dies. 66. Scenes—rent veil, quaking earth, shivering rocks, opened graves, sun again appears. 67. Confession of the centurion. 68. Crowd return to the city, smiting their breasts. 69. Legs of thieves broken. 70. The dead body of Jesus is pierced with a soldier's spear. 71. Joseph begs the body of Jesus. 72. Joseph and Nicodemus wrap the body in linen with the spices, and lay it in the new sepulchre close by. 73. A stone is rolled unto the door of the sepulchre. 74. "And the Sabbath drew on."

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) CHRIST CRUCIFIED. (II.) REVILED. (III.) DYING.

I. CHRIST CRUCIFIED.—(35-38.) THEY, the Jews—you and I; CRUCIFIED, a most torturing and disgraceful mode of capital punishment; CASTING LOTS, for his seamless coat; BY THE PROPHET (Ps. 22: 18); ACCUSATION, indictment or charge upon which he was executed; it was written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, the three civilized languages of the ancient world; TWO THIEVES, robbers or malefactors.

II. REVILED.—(39-44.) REVILED, mocked, jeered, taunted; WAGGING, a contemptuous turn of the head; PRIESTS... SCRIBES, ELDERS, members of the Sanhedrin; WE WILL BELIEVE, they had seen and heard sufficient evidence; THIEVES ALSO, perhaps only the impenitent one. (see Luke 23: 39.)

III. DYING.—(45-50.) SIXTH HOUR, 12 m.; NINTH HOUR, 3 p. m.; ALL THE LAND, extent unknown; JESUS CRIED, mental agony greater than his physical; ELI, ELI, a Syro-Chaldaic form of the Hebrew; VINEGAR, the soldier's drink; REED, a hyssop stalk about a cubit long; LET BE, not to the soldier; it means "Wait, and let us see;" CRIED AGAIN, seven utterances from the cross are recorded (see Order of Events); YIELDED UP THE GHOST, died.

JESUS DIED FOR US. YOUNG, OLD, ALL.

LESSON IX.

JUNE 13.]

AFTER THE RESURRECTION.

Matt. 28: 8-20.

[About A. D. 30.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 18-20.

8. And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

9. And as they went to tell his disciples, behold Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet and worshipped him.

10. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

11. Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and *showed* unto the chief priests all the things that were done.

12. And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large *large money* unto the soldiers.

13. Saying, Say ye His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept.

14. And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him and secure you.

15. So they took the money, and *did as* they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews unto this day.

16. Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

17. And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

18. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

19. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

20. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the *end* of the world. Amen.—Matt. 28: 20.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The risen Saviour is with his Church.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—Joseph and Nicodemus have departed from the tomb. The women linger in the twilight. The great Sabbath of the Passover begins. Crowds of worshippers fill the temple, as usual. The Sabbath ends. The sepulchre *is sealed and a watch set.* Morn approaches. Mary Magdalene, the other Mary, and Salome start for the sepulchre. They see the stone rolled away, and Magdalene hastens back to the city and tells Peter and John. The others advance and see the angel, whose "countenance was like lightning," followed soon after by the second group of women mentioned by Luke. They all return to the city to inform the disciples. John outruns Peter, and reaches the sepulchre. Peter comes, and goes in. John follows. Both return to their home. Mary reaches the sepulchre, and sees two angels. First appearance of Jesus, to Mary. She returns to the city and reports. Second appearance of Jesus, to the other women. They report to the apostles. The guard report to the chief priests. The Jews bribe the soldiers. Third appearance of Jesus, to Peter, about which nothing is known. The Emmaus walk and fourth appearance of Jesus, to the two disciples. Sunday evening, ten of the disciples who have met with closed doors are surprised first by the report of the two, who have returned from Emmaus, and then by the fifth appearance of Jesus himself. They afterward report to Thomas, who doubts. The sixth appearance of Jesus, to the eleven, a week later, when Thomas' doubts are dispelled. The seventh appearance of Jesus is to seven of them, in the early morning, on the shore of Galilee. The eighth appearance is to five hundred disciples on a mountain in Galilee. "After that he was seen of James" (Cor. 15: 7)—the *ninth appearance.* Again to the apostles at Jerusalem—the tenth appearance. The last recorded appearance was at the end of forty days, when, in the presence of all the disciples, he ascended from Mount Olivet.

NOTES.—SEPULCHRE. Doubtless a large space hewn out of the rock; it was made by Joseph of Arimathea for his family-vault; located in a garden also owned by Joseph.—JESUS MET THEM. See Order of Events for the appearances, which are given according to Farrar.—GALILEE. The portion of Palestine north of Samaria.—THE WATCH. The guard of Roman soldiers which Pilate had caused to be placed to watch the sepulchre at the close of the Sabbath.—A MOUNTAIN, name and locality unknown.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE JOYFUL WOMEN. (II.) THE BAFFLED RULERS. (III.) THE GREAT COMMISSION.

I. THE JOYFUL WOMEN.—(8-10.) THEY, the women; SEPULCHRE, see Notes; FEAR, at what they had seen; JOY, because the Lord was alive again; BEHOLD, suddenly; MET THEM (see Order of Events); HELD HIM, fell at his feet; WORSHIPPED, first worship of the risen Lord; INTO GALILEE, where the great commission is given; SHALL THEY SEE ME, above five hundred were present.

II. THE BAFFLED RULERS.—(11-15.) WATCH, Roman guard; THE CITY, Jerusalem; CHIEF PRIESTS, Annas and Caiaphas; ASSEMBLED, *a hasty informal gathering of the members* of the Sanhedrin nearest at hand; TAKEN COUNSEL, the last decision; recorded by Matthew; LARGE MONEY, a heavy bribe, much larger than that given to Judas; SAY YE, a stupid thing, as if the guard could know that he was stolen when they were asleep; GOVERNOR, Pontius Pilate; PERSUADE, satisfy; SECURE, their release; sleeping on duty was punished with death; THIS SAYING, that of the soldiers; COMMONLY REPORTED, spread among the Jews; THIS DAY, when Matthew wrote.

III. THE GREAT COMMISSION.—(16-20.) ELEVEN, Judas had killed himself; GALILEE, see Order of Events and Notes; APPOINTED THEM, promised to meet them; ALL POWER, King of kings and Lord of lords; THEREFORE, because he has all power; TEACH, make disciples; ALL NATIONS, everywhere, unto every creature; BAPTIZING, thus establishing baptism as a permanent ordinance; NAME OF, the triune God; TEACHING, building up.

ZEAL IN MISSIONS.—"To all human appearance, if the Church of Christ had been faithful to her high vocation, and the same spirit of missionary zeal and Christian benevolence had continued to manifest itself that was displayed in the age of the apostles, the world might have been long since won to Christ, and the empire of Satan entirely demolished."—*Missionary World.*

Go ye therefore and teach all nations to Observe all things I have commanded.

HE THAT BELIEVETH AND IS BAPTIZED SHALL BE SAVED.

WHERE ALL THE "JOHNS" COME FROM.

"And he asked for a writing-table, and wrote, saying, His name is John." That was shortly before the birth of our Saviour, and it would seem as though the tablet of old Zacharias had been kept in pretty constant use ever since. The name would have been appropriate even without the angelic injunction, for what more natural than that Zacharias and Elizabeth, who had no child—"and they both were now stricken in years"—should call their son by that Hebrew word which to them signified "the gracious gift of God?"

The name Jesus could not, without irreverence, be applied to their own children by his followers, but the names of the three persons who stood in the closest relations with Him—St. John Baptist, St. John the Divine, and Mary the mother of Jesus—became, and have continued to be to this day, the most common of any throughout Christendom. The name of John has had all the means of perpetuity that other names have had in the way of repetition in families from one generation to another, and it has been extended by the fact that there are many calendared saints who have borne it, after whom it has been customary to name children born on their respective days, and no doubt it was greatly extended by naming the babies of England after that King who gave *Magna Charta* to his barons at Runnymede, and, besides, John is a name to make good headway on its own merits; but, after all, the wonderful popularity of the name in all ages among Christian people must be accounted for by the fact that it was borne by those two, who, in considering the merely human nature of our Lord, stood to Him almost in the relation of elder and younger brother.

The name entered in all European languages, becoming Ioannes in Greek, Iohannes in Latin; Giovanni, Gian and Gianni in Italian; Johann, Johannes, and Hans in German; Jehan in early and Jean in later French, Jan in Dutch and Ivan in Russian, and Evan and Owen in Welsh. In England it is found in the form of Jon, Jone, John, and Joon in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and sometimes it got twisted into Jhon. The common English feminine forms are Johanna, Hannah, Joanna, Joan, Jane, Jenny and Janet.

Among the family names given in the Chicago Directory which are derived from these various forms of the name of John are the following: Bevan (ap-Evan), Bevans, Bowen (ap-Owen), Evan, Evans, Evanson, Hauck, Hancock, Hankin, Hankinson, Hanks, Hannah, Hannaway, Hannay, Hanson, Hansbrouge, Hanscom, Haustead, Hanstein, Hanoza and Hanszezyk, Jan, Janes, Jannay, Janson, Jeannot, Jenison, Jenkins, Jenkinson, Jenks, Jenner, Jenney, Jennings, Jack Jackaway, Jackman, Jackson, Jacky, Jock, Johanson, Johnes, Jones, Johnjohan, Johnson, and Johnston. It has been said that plain John is not used as a surname in England, but our directories show no less than twenty such, and of these two rejoice in the name John John.

The transmutation of John into Jack is sometimes said to have come through the French Jacques, but this is erroneous. Jacques does not represent the name of John at all, but is the Jacob of the Old Testament, the James of the New, and the Giacomo, Iago, and Jakob of European languages. We are all familiar with such diminutives as pipkin, manikin, and lambkin. The same diminutive termination is frequently added to names, and especially to nicknames. Thus, Simon is first shortened to Sim, and little Sim becomes Simkin, and hence the surname of Simkins. Thomas becomes Tom, and then Tomkin, which now appears in the shape of Tomkins. Walter becomes Wat, and Watkin and Watkins, and so John takes the form of Jonkin, Jankin Jenkin, and Jenkins. But Joukin and Jankin made pretty hard words for little mouths to speak, and so in the nursery they became Jocky and Jacky, just as Mary became Mally and Molly and Polly, and Sarah became Sally, and Martha became Matty and Patty, and Margaret became Maggy and Meggy and Peggy, in the same prolific region for the invention of new words. Taking up the children's Jocky and Jacky, the older people in colloquial use soon shortened them to the Jock of Scotland and Northern England, and the Jack of Middle and Southern England and the United States.

John and Jack have served us not only as names for our babies, but they enter into the composition of names of unnumbered things of familiar use. Who is not happier and better for the immortal johnny-cake of our mothers? What little boy could ever grow to be a big man without wearing his first jacket (equivalent to little jack) with two pockets in it? Meat-jacks, boot-jacks, and smoke-jacks are old friends, and so is jack-at-all-trades, and jack-an-apes, and the jack that is so much of a knave that he will sometimes fall on the king of trumps. A jack-knife is more precious than a Toledo blade, and about the only disreputable members of the family of John are the jockey who cheats in a horse trade, and then the yellow-jack that desolates the land where he walks.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

EPPS' COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may gradually be built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." *Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

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